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The  
**Canadian Navy**

68721

P.S. 8503  
88703

Sincerely yours  
Priscilla Hallowell Brewster

# The Canadian Navy



**B**Y Words they darken Council in our highest  
place today !  
Throughout its lofty chambers hear the  
Sounding Brasses bray !  
What time the Tinkling Cymbals with an echoing  
quick refrain  
Our patriot gifts to Britain are rehearsing once again.  
What are our Leaders doing now — the men we set  
to rule !  
Think they that we, the Common Folk, are but a  
party's tool ?  
We will not tamely suffer long the trickster or the  
knaves,—  
And if the Pact be broken, shall recall the power we  
gave.  
We wait in watchful silence, on the prairie and the  
farm ;  
Our souls have heard, and answered back Great  
Britain's strong alarm.  
From depths of lonely forests—in the avenues of trade,  
In grim and breathless stillness we survey the men we  
made.

Not from the mouths of Suckling Babes heard we  
this danger call :  
"Behold, the Foe is at the door ! He mines the Sea-  
ward Wall !"  
But from the lips of Greybeards, men whose character  
and years,  
Whose ripened judgment well forbids all jesting at  
their fears ;  
First in the council and in war, with measured words  
they show  
The mighty forces — deadly guns, the swiftly-  
arming foe—  
The Weapon, aimed at Britain's heart, that ships  
alone can meet—  
Then bid us use our fullest power to strengthen  
England's Fleet.  
We watch a Veiled Ambition stand, puffed up with  
power and place,  
And give our Honour for a price—its secret pride  
of race.  
What do they know of Honour who can thus estime  
its worth—  
A Thing to sell and barter in the markets of the earth !  
This Scheme—this Skilled Suggestion—this appeal to  
new-born pride,  
To round our young Dominion out from ocean tide  
to tide—  
Obscures the fact at issue, while it bids the nation bow  
Before a mighty Destiny—and shirk its Duty now !

Beware ! O, True Canadians ! They bid ye cry  
"All hail !"  
And raise the Golden Image, but—ye bow the knee  
to Baal !  
Take ye no glittering Future, with Dishonour as its base—  
False to your best Traditions, to your Duty and your  
Race.  
They offer rosy fruitage, with the canker at its heart—  
No Ingrate Race shall flourish ; if it wilis to stand  
apart  
And watch the Mother meet the grim emergency  
alone—  
It writes its own Death Sentence ; it shall reap as it  
has sown :  
Weighed in God's awful Balances—found wanting in  
that Day,  
The soul already being dead, the body shall decay !  
The "Daughters of the Horseleach" now are heard  
in all the land :  
"Give ! Give !" they cry in chorus and hold out the  
Questing Hand ;  
And One would take the Contracts and Another build  
the Ships.  
And This would feed the Navy or would place the  
Harbour Slips.  
They seek the Loaves and Fishes, but they miss the  
Vital Thing—  
A nation's Truth and Honour, strong links that time  
doth bring—

Of Gratitude and Loyalty, and Love that puts self last  
To bind a growing nation most divinely to its Past—  
Formed by a thousand Hero—deeds wrought out by  
land and sea,

Where Englishmen have fought and died that all men  
might be Free.

Thus would they build a Navy up—cut off from all the  
things

That nerve the feeble arm to fight and give the spirit  
wings—

Forbid by Word of Law to go where Britain's flag  
is borne !

“A Navy !” Save the mark ! to men a Mockery and  
Scorn !

What use is all our strength of life—the learning of  
our schools—

If we can breed us but a race of Ingrates—or of Fools?  
Ingrates ! because we owe our life to Britain's foster-  
ing hand—

That through the growing years has kept and guarded  
all our land :

To Her we owe our splendid strength, our Freedom  
and our Laws—

Who failed us not at hours of need, when foes would  
give us pause !

Why could we walk ou- peaceful way, or sit at home  
in ease ?

Each English cottage bore the Tax, and Britain held  
the Seas !

They set the tax on man and beast to send the ships  
to sea—

They did it uncomplainingly that Britons might be free !  
Now ! Shall we keep the money back—when British  
fleets have need,

And fill our gaping coffers up to satisfy our greed ?

Give aid to swell a thousand schemes to hold a Horde  
in fee—

Yet grudge our gold to that great Fleet that keeps our  
country free ?

Ingrates and "Fools !" Go build your Docks, your  
Navy, an you will !

No man shall dare to say you "Nay !" for Britain's  
Mistress still !

Yet think ! What use your gathered Pelf, brief G'ory,  
and Renown—

If in the hour of sudden strife—Great Britain's flag  
goes down ?

Your little ships, too weak to aid—too far—for telling  
blow—

Your land the rich and helpless Prey of conquered  
Britain's foe !

And, Brothers of another Tongue, who deem our  
urgence vain—

How would ye bear the galling chains that bind  
Alsace-Lorraine ?

Can we behold Great Britain's need without an answer-  
ing thrill—

Or feel the Menace in the air and bid our hearts be still ?

O, for a Man ! to stand for us within our Council Hall,  
With good red blood in heart and veins—and answer  
England's call !  
To cut the Party questions from This Question all  
should feel,  
And sever Truth from Falsehood with the sweep of  
polished steel :  
Nor prate of "Finished work at Home," as though  
our goal were won !  
(Thus should be keep our house, nor leave the wider  
work undone.)  
No Opportunist ! but a Man ! to give—and Now—  
Today !  
To meet the danger as it comes, and hold the Ocean  
Way !  
Pour out the millions—Not a Gift—part Payment that  
we Owe !  
Then, build the true Canadian fleet with healthy  
growth and slow.  
Yea ! build the linked navies up—in concert—One  
to be !  
To hold that Vital Cord of Life—the Empire of the  
Sea !

There is no Flag in all the world save Britain's blood-  
red Cross  
That guards pure Justice, Honour, Truth ; and keeps  
the Weak from Loss.

That gives the Poor the Righteous Law, that lifts the  
 Bitter Wrong,  
 And champions in the war of life, the Weak against  
 the Strong !  
 What other Nation Keeps its Pact though all its world  
 should fall ?  
 What Other leaves the ease of life to follow Duty's  
 call ?  
 Honor and Duty ! Noble Stars ! by which our Race  
 is led !  
 God grant their double light may shine forever over-  
 head.

\* \* \* \*

Almighty God ! Who from High Heaven doth give  
 each Race its Day—  
 Thou hast the nations in Thy Hand, to bound their  
 power and sway !  
 At Thy Command they rise from dust—Thine Arm doth  
 lift them higher.  
 Thou move'st the Golden Candlesticks, and lo ! their  
 Lights expire !  
 Give Thou this Nation grace to see its Duty and its  
 Way—  
 To read "the Writing on the Wall" while yet it is  
 its Day.

M. H. B.